



1—Packing the Trunk for the Trip.

A Trip to Palm Beach in Silhouette

EVERYBODY remembers the vaudeville comedians' joke which runs about like this:

"Why, hello, Bill. Where you been?"

"Oh, I've been down to Palm Beach."

"Palm Beach? Why, I thought it cost a hundred dollars a day to stop at Palm Beach."

"I only stayed ten minutes."

But that joke was written before the Tin Can Tourists discovered a way to beat the high prices of the fashionable Florida Winter resorts.

The newspaper reports of the doings of the fashionable and wealthy visitors at Palm Beach stimulated the imagination of the less opulent. The pictures of the mid-Winter bathing in the warm ocean surf, the lazy journeys along the beach in the comfortable wheel chairs, the afternoon tea at the Coconut Grove appealed to the wives and daughters in the Northern States whose husbands and fathers did not have pocketbooks long enough to endure the strain of Palm Beach prices.

Florida is a large State and there is only one Palm Beach in it, but the climate is just as good and the water is just as warm and the sunshine is just as bright in the neighboring towns for hundreds of miles around.

Somebody suddenly had a great idea. Why not invite the families of prosperous farmers and plumbers and grocersmen to come to Florida and live on a scale which would match their pocketbooks? Nearly everybody had some kind of an automobile. Why not invite the more humble automobilists of the great Northern States to make a tour down to Florida and come, not to Palm Beach, but to some neighboring town?

The idea was a good one. Tourists of all degrees of economy began to arrive in Florida. Some went to the small and inexpensive hotels in the various Florida towns and cities, but many brought their sleeping accommodations and cooking outfits with them. All kinds of automobiles began to appear equipped with extraordinary household accommodations. Some automobiles dragged trailers along behind them, which were pretty comfortable cottages on wheels, with a kitchenette that turned out very satisfactory meals. Others were content to carry a tea kettle, a frying pan and a canned-heat stove, and they ate their meals on the running board.



Hotel Expenses Don't Worry These Tourists

Multi-Millionaires and "Tin-Can Tourists" at Palm Beach

How the Visitors With Slender Pocket Books Have Solved the Problem of a Winter in Florida



2—On the Way to the Train with Pleasurable Anticipations.

3—Talking It Over in the Sleeper on the Train.

4—A Nice Little Dining Car.



5—The Arrival at the Hotel and a Friendly Bellboy.

6—A Little Stroll Things Over.



7—The Fashionable Bathing Hour is in the Morning.

an appropriation of perhaps fifteen dollars to cover expenses in the fashionable resort, he can have a ride with his wife and daughter in a wheel chair, can hire bathing suits and take a swim in the same ocean with the millionaires, and even pay his dollar apiece and sit down at a table for afternoon tea in the Coconut Grove, and, best of all, the farmer's daughter can have a dance on the dancing platform with her sweetheart, if he is in the party—right among the real people of wealth and fashion.



8—In the Surf—a Midwinter Dip.

9—Coming Out of the Water, a Bit Chilly.



10—Under a Beach Umbrella After the Bath.

11—A Little Dance at the "Cocktail Hour."



12—And Then Tea in the Coconut Grove.

13—And After Tea a Rubber of Bridge.



14—On the Way to the Beach Club After Dinner.



15—The Last Dance.

16—To Bed.

Of course, there is "nothing in it" for the hotels from these Tin Can Tourists. They are not welcomed with any warmth, but there is no practicable way of building a fence to keep them out. If they seat themselves on the hotel piazza the house detective is quite likely to stroll back and forth in front of them and cast glances upon them which are calculated to get on their nerves. But if they have the assurance to brazen it out nobody will take them by the collar and drag them off the piazza.

A day or two of this method of very economical visiting at Palm Beach is usually enough, and then the Tin Can Tourist folds up his cooking and bedding outfit, stows it away in his crowded little car, and moves on to some place like St. Petersburg or Tampa, where he finds more of his kind, and where he is welcomed cordially for whatever money he spends among the tradesmen of the town.

Just who started the Tin Can Tourist welcome and the special camping places and accommodations to make them comfortable is a matter of dispute. But at the

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present time Tampa, over on the west coast of Florida, has developed the idea more thoroughly than any other town. At Tampa the camp has a population of many thousands of tourists in all degrees of comfort. Many of them do not seem to be hard up for money and are determined to have a good time.

Most of the Tin Can Tourists have no fixed itinerary and they may stay one night or two months in a town. The realization of this fact has stirred the local tradesmen to make things as agreeable as possible for the visitors. That is why some of the towns have built shelters for the visitors to do their cooking in, and have connected up water and electric light and various conveniences and accommodations to make their particular town attractive and lure the tourists to stay as long as possible.

Nothing is more important than to be fair and square in the matter of prices. If a town gets the reputation of profiteering in canned goods, gasoline or prices at the movie houses the visitors pack up the next morning and move along. This healthy competition is very much in the interest of the visitors, who are encouraged to make themselves at home and no fussy rules or restrictions are made to annoy them.

What it costs to make a Tin Can Tour depends on what you feel are necessary requirements. One young woman who operated her little outfit of herself and husband and slept in the car and did her own cooking, explained that their only expenses were for food and gasoline.

"We do not suffer the slightest discomfort from bad weather. In fact, we rather look forward to a few days of rain as a rest. We often put our car in some good natured farmer's barn or, if in a town, in a stormy weather, we try to squeeze in alongside some groceryman's wagon in his barn or garage. Our car is perfectly waterproof and nothing has ever suffered from dampness or rust."

"When we get far enough South to find it warm and balmy we often stop the car alongside some ocean beach or southern lake. Here we camp until we are tired of it. We put on our bathing suits and go out in the rain for a cold shower or go into the lake or the warm ocean and perhaps spend the day on the beach in our bathing suits, cooking our lunch and eating it without changing our clothes."

"My husband and I have both gained a little in weight and are very greatly improved in health. This, I imagine, is due to our keeping early hours and eating simple food, and best of all, the open air. And one thing more—we have proved that love in a cottage-on-wheels is lots better and more fun and more interesting than just plain love in a cottage."

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